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TRAGEDY

Marcio Moreira Alves **DIPLOMATIC TRAGEDY: WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?** *Francis M. Sekyewa* **RHODESIAN BISHOPS & APARTHEID**

HOPE

Mary Daly **THE PROBLEM OF HOPE** *Richard J. Barnet* **THE CORPORATIONS AND THE COLD WAR** *Anne Fremantle* **FIVE NEW NOVELS** *Gerald Weales* **BOO!** *Arthur Bell* **NEIGH!**

HARD TIMES

Saul Maloff **LIFE AND HARD TIMES: STUDS TERKEL PRESENTS** *Letters* **ON BRAZIL, CAMBODIA AND INDIA** *Peter Steinfels* **KERENSKY AND BRÜNING** *The Editors* **ON EXTREMISM, ON THE UNITED NATIONS AT 25**

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Bell Tolls

The obit statement of the editors of *Herder Correspondence* makes doleful reading, pointing up the difficulty even of essentially middle-of-the-road religious journals making it in today's scene.

Herder Correspondence debuted in the full flush of Vatican II, with strong backing and stronger promise. It had talent and resources aplenty for its aspiration: to be to the English-speaking world what *Herder-Korrespondenz* was to Germany, "a byword for accuracy and fullness of information" about developments in and of the church.

Herder Correspondence did well, but not well enough. It lived through Vol. 7, No. 6. It was laid to rest with its June issue, the victim of economics in the one direction, and the church itself, or conditions therein, in the other.

Its fate is instructive.

HC had its organizational troubles. Its first editor died in a car crash; an ideal publishing formula proved elusive; an Irish office made the publication overly Celtic for a time.

But it was bank balances and polarization of the church which ultimately did *Herder Correspondence* in.

A parent company (Burns and Oates) folded, and costs kept climbing such as to make the editors wonder whether economics had not supplanted censorship as the major threat to freedom of speech. (Great Britain's printing problems are akin to America's.)

Furthermore, the era of disillusion and contestation which followed the euphoria of the Council subverted the internal dialogue which *HC* sought to foster. This was particularly defeating.

There was also the breadth of the Atlantic. Distance hampered *HC* from coming to grips with polarization where it was the most intense—in the U.S.

So *Herder Correspondence* bids its goodbye, mourning the fact that it won't be analyzing budding issues like man and his environment and mixed marriages. And mourning, too, that it won't be making the contribution it had hoped in resolving the crisis within Catholicism, of reconciliation of the claims of unity and diversity.

Herder Correspondence doesn't minimize that crisis: "It is a crisis which is exacerbated by the way in which the Pope's commendable and laudable awareness of his unique responsibility for maintaining the church's unity and identity intact has tended to slide over into an almost neurotic insistence on the prerogatives of his authority as the successor of Peter, and by the failure of all but a handful of bishops to fulfill adequately the demands and responsibilities of their office."

That's blunter commentary than one usually found in *Herder Correspondence*, but it serves to demonstrate why the publication won't be terribly missed in official circles . . . and why elsewhere, *HC*'s demise will be deeply lamented.

Speaking of the religious press, the Catholic Press Association of U.S. and Canada announced in Chicago the admission of six new members. There are now 345 member publications. Last September there were 365.

The Jesuits Speak

Credit the Jesuits' Conference of Major Superiors with the best of statements to issue from religious communities in the U.S. on the burgeoning war in Indochina.

"We must ask whether the results, which are sought in good conscience by those who support the war, are any longer proportionate to the evil involved," the 11 province superiors wrote to U.S. Senators.

"Our concern is further heightened by the clouded origin of American involvement in this war, and by the questionable morality of the war by the invasion of Cambodia and the resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam.

"In addition we deplore any attempt to motivate the American people to accept this escalation on the basis of never having lost a war."

The superiors' statement, which was drawn up at their semi-annual meeting in Tampa, urged an end to the war "without delay" and a reorganization of the national priorities.

If anyone wondered whether the Jesuit Order in the U.S. had been sensitized by the peace activities of some of its members, there could be the answer.

Carberry Season

St. Louis' Cardinal John Carberry slips further in liberal affection.

FOCUS/*Midwest*, independent bimonthly, blasts Carberry in its current issue for consorting with the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation.

Agitating the editors was the Cardinal's attendance at the "gala dinner" marking the Foundation's annual leadership conference — co-sponsored this year with *twin circle* and featuring *twin circle* editor Father Daniel Lyons.

FOCUS/*Midwest* accused Father Lyons of being a "known anti-Semite" and the Mindszenty Foundation of being a "radical rightist group." (It "has barely stopped short of associating with such out-and-out haters as the Liberty Lobby.")

For "honoring" the Foundation and Lyons "with his presence," said the magazine, Cardinal Carberry "owes an apology to the Jewish community as well as the Catholic community."

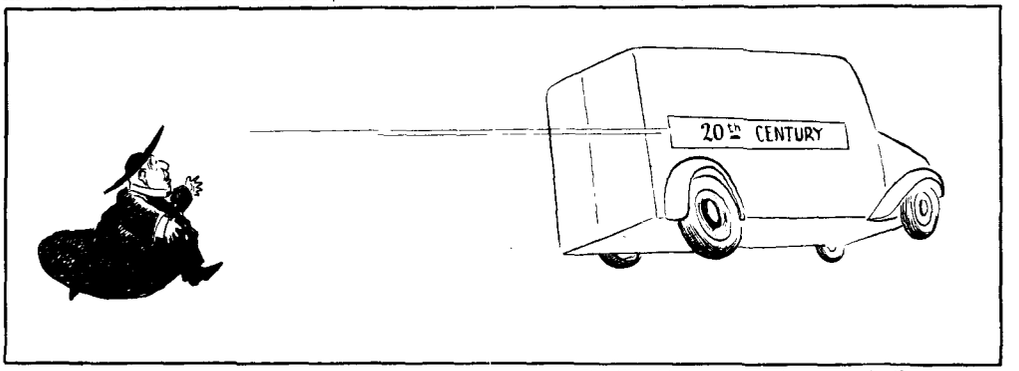
Meanwhile, the Chicago newsletter *Overview* notes that Cardinal Carberry will keynote this year's *Wanderer* forum, and remarks: "They were meant for each other."

Quotes of the Week

—Jackie said it to Arthur Krock in April, 1960: "I think it's so unfair of people to be against Jack because he's a Catholic. He's such a poor Catholic. Now if it were Bobby, I could understand." [*New York Times Magazine*, p. 36, 5/31/70]

—Graham Greene wrote it in the London *Times* [5/11/70]: "Mr. Nixon's promise to withdraw his troops from Cambodia in seven weeks may seem to be a conciliatory gesture. But in fact he can do nothing else. Before the rains and the arrival of flooding of the Mekong they must either go or decide to act as pioneers in underwater living."

JOHN DEEDY



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CORRESPONDENCE

Torture in Brazil

Great Neck, N.Y.

To the Editors: I want to take this opportunity to congratulate and bless you for della Cava's recent essay on Brazil and the abominable things going on there [April 24], so that at last we in this "free press" nation can be told it as it is. Let us hope that these disclosures will wake the consciences of us all and especially our clergy, that they may, from the pulpit, pronounce what our duty is, as Christians, vis à vis the violence in that miserable country, and the blatant deaf ears of our statesmen who continue to finance and support such juntas.

ZOE L. BELTH

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: The article, "Torture in Brazil" [April 24], was excellent. In reality, there are worse tortures than those described and the situation is much blacker. (I can testify to that as a returning missionary from Northeast Brazil). What I sincerely hope, then, is that the American public will be aware of the true message of the article. It is not, especially, to call attention to the brutality of such tortures, but to probe the root cause of such barbarism.

Mr. della Cava mentions our foothold in the country's most powerful industrial unions, hints at AID money invested to increase the efficiency of the police force, and challenges our complacent silence or worse still, our apparent approval.

And this is the crux of the matter. The government is silent because it is implicated in this whole struggle. The American people are silent partly because they are unaware of the situation and partly because of their reluctance to believe that U.S. foreign policy could be so imperialistic. It is not easy to face the fact that the great American rugged individualism has led us in our foreign policy to ruthless exploitation through private enterprise. It is terrible to admit that AID money benefits the elite by

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EXTREMISM

Commencement exercises this year once again focused attention on student militancy. The President appointed a commission to examine the causes of campus turmoil. Margaret Chase Smith and Harvard's Nathan Pusey, both veterans of the McCarthyism struggle, denounced student extremism. The usual disruptions took place.

It is hard to believe that anything remains to be said on the subject of student militancy. In fact, so much has been said that certain elementary facts are completely lost in the muddle, certain facts which bear, however painful the exercise, repeating.

First, extremism is hardly easy to define. One man's extremist is another man's moderate. When Barry Goldwater was denounced by liberals for proclaiming that "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice; moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue," it was probably not the term "extremism" which stirred them, although that was the target of the denunciations, but their suspicions about Mr. Goldwater's notions of liberty and justice. Similarly, political commentators have sometimes constructed theories of extremism which seem to rule out all exercise of emotion or of the techniques of mobilization from political activity. The effect was implicitly to limit politics to the chosen elites, and to bless the operations of the "extreme middle," including all the institutionalized violence of the status quo.

Second, there *are* student extremists. If they are to be judged by their public statements, groups like the Weathermen are ignorant, cruel and without claim, which might stem from either wisdom or compassion, to serve as guides to a better America. The evidence suggests that most students realize this.

Third, there are *government* extremists. These are men who prosecute a murderous and an unjust war in Southeast Asia; who are uninterested in the fulfillment of the debt an affluent America owes its own poor and oppressed, as well as the poor and oppressed of the world; who threaten restrictions on civil rights and civil liberties. These men, it seems to us, are ignorant, cruel and without claim, which might stem from either wisdom or compassion, to serve as guides to a better America. The evidence suggests that many students realize this, too.

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The government extremists hold a lot more power than the student extremists. Both are a problem. Both deserve attention. We hope they both get attention in the proportions relative to the extent that each group is bombing targets, killing and maiming innocents, and effectively spreading its misconceptions, exaggerations and lies. The evidence suggests that most students have a fairly good idea of these proportions.

The statements of many militant students at commencement exercises indicate a revulsion from violent, debasing rhetoric, a continuing if sometimes desperate belief in non-violence, a return to political activity. Will all this be only momentary?

Three proposals might make a difference. First, allegiance to the Bill of Rights might serve as a handy touchstone of who is an extremist, whether for hard-hats, Weathermen, Black Panthers, Attorney Generals or heads of the F.B.I. Second, the media must not force student militants to become student extremists in order to enter their views into the public forum. Third, political leaders must insure that student-backed efforts, if victorious next Fall, are not rendered meaningless by the gerontocratic structure of Congress.

THE UN AT 25

There is too much at stake—specifically the very survival of the United Nations—for the May speeches of Lester Pearson and U Thant to remain buried under the turmoil of 1970's spring. Mr. Pearson, former Canadian Prime Minister and a Nobel peace laureate, warned that if there are not basic changes in structure and membership attitudes, the UN, which is this year observing its 25th anniversary, will not be around for its 50th. Mr. Thant, the UN's secretary-general, was no less insistent. "If we are to strengthen the United Nations," he said, "if we are to make the United Nations more effective, then we need to develop a second allegiance—that is, allegiance to the international community represented by the United Nations."

The urgency of the two messages is underscored by the fact that the UN, deficiencies notwithstanding, is still the one fully-equipped instrument which mankind has at his disposal to work for international peace; it could be generations or centuries before mankind is again so blessed. Yet the UN fares not well. It is becoming burdened by its own weight (the UN held 6,400 meetings last year compared to 2,700 in 1960); more particularly, it is becoming increasingly handicapped by the proclivity of nations to bypass the UN, using it only when whim and national purpose are served. The United States is no exception.

Both Mr. Pearson and Mr. Thant advanced recommendations for rescuing the UN, ranging from creation of a stand-by peace force to increased utilization of the World Court. Mr. Pearson, in addition, proposed appointment of a three-member star-committee to devise structural changes that would streamline the UN. And, of course, there is China; the boycott must end.

The recommendations, these and others, are important. But they must be complemented by radical changes in the dispositions of member nations. Among the great powers, for instance, there must be a disposition to forego veto privileges and be guided more by the will of the majority. Also, unanimous decisions of the Security Council should be enforced; as Mr. Thant stressed in his May speech, a unanimous vote by 15 members "cannot be regarded as one-sided or biased or prejudiced." Likewise, there must be a willingness to invest more reliance in the UN where war and peace are concerned. Nothing cuts the ground from under the UN more devastatingly than for nations to act unilaterally in crucial international matters, when that action has ramifications which extend to the world community.

Here the U.S. could and should set the lead. As a founding member of the UN, as the country which furnished so much of the ideological rationale for a United Nations, as the country which saw the UN through its financial crises, the United States has a special challenge to be a kind of paragon, the model of all a UN member should be. Its own idealism should also so impel it, though Vietnam demonstrates how much the U.S. has slipped from old standards.

Seymour Finger of the U.S. Mission to the US has indicated that Washington will be undertaking a series of initiatives at the UN's upcoming 25th anniversary session. He had better mean that literally, for the UN can only recoup the promise of its early years if it is a place of initiatives—and binding majority decisions. If the U.S. does not help make it so, the United Nations will go the way of the League of Nations and there will indeed be no 50th anniversary.

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Rhodesian Bishops: No Apartheid

On April 28 the Protestant leaders and Catholic bishops of Rhodesia announced that they would not obey the new Land Tenure Act nor register as "voluntary agencies" in order to function in the segregated future charted for Rhodesia. "The new constitution and the Land Tenure Act," the church leaders said, "cannot be reconciled with Christian faith since they entrench separation and discrimination solely on the basis of race."

The following day, the Roman Catholic bishops sent an ultimatum to the government: if the Land Tenure Act was enforced, the bishops would close all their educational and social service institutions. No small threat, since the 820 Catholic schools serve 151,000 black and

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4,000 white pupils, the 43 hospitals and 88 out-patient clinics served over a million people in 1968, and the church also operates 23 orphanages.

The action of the Protestant and Catholic leaders marks a new shift from protests and petitions to civil disobedience. Denominations like the Anglicans, British Methodists, and Presbyterians, with a large number of white communicants, are risking the defection of members to the Dutch Reformist church which upholds white supremacy with a religious fervor.

When Ian Smith broke with the United Kingdom by the Unilateral Declaration of Independence in November, 1965, church leaders individually and collectively condemned the move. The Protestant Christian Council urged opponents to speak out and counseled against violence. The Catholic bishops answered Smith's claim that UDI was needed to preserve civilization: "The only things that can defend civilization are justice and the recognition of the dignity of the individual." But church leaders hoped that the Smith government would be short-lived.

For this opposition, the government ordered missionaries to reduce the intake of Africans into their teacher training colleges by 25 percent in 1967. This was clearly a harassment plus a deliberate effort to curtail the snail-paced educational development of the black population.

During 1966, ruling party officials started to attack the church publicly. The Minister of Information declared that the forces of the Left had infiltrated the church. Amnesty International cited many anti-church actions. Pastors were not allowed to visit political prisoners in detention camps. Bishop Skelton, the Anglican bishop of Matabeleland, was repeatedly threatened with expulsion or even imprisonment. Missionaries were deported, and some church personnel were refused entry permits.

In 1967, the harassment continued. The government cut subsidies to all mission primary schools—despite the fact that it spends 12 times as much on each white child as on an African child. The Roman Catholic bishops sent a deputation to the commission considering proposals for a new constitution. But the commission was a farce; the government knew beforehand what it wanted: a constitution that would codify white supremacy and racial segregation at the expense of the black majority. A pastoral letter from the bishops pointing out that the government's proposals entrenching separate social orders, one white and one black in a discriminatory manner, were "in direct contradiction to the New Testament teaching on race," did not stop the new constitution from passing into law on June 29, 1969, nor the enactment of the Land Tenure Act this spring.

The Act divides the country's land into racially exclusive areas. The white five percent of the population get as much land as the blacks—20 times as much, in other words, per person. Not surprisingly, the European land is agriculturally highly desirable while the black majority received undesirable or marginal areas.

The Act requires church leaders either to identify church land as black or white, or to register as "voluntary agencies." The latter step would grant the churches permission to function in both European and African areas—subject to such conditions as the Minister of Lands thinks fit. This permission could be revoked at any time by the Minister. There are no provisions for appealing his decision. To all this the bishops have replied, "The Catholic church cannot in principle and will not in practice, divide itself racially for the administrative convenience of any state in the world."

The Smith government must now either make concessions or strike hard against the churches. Concessions could destroy the government's credibility in the eyes of the white electorate. But persecuting the churches will not help the regime gain support in America and Europe —support it needs badly. Selective persecution of Catholics, for example, might jeopardize Smith's amicable relationship with Portugal, a nation which cannot ignore pressure from the Vatican. Recently Portugal closed its consulate in Salisbury. Again, sharp measures against the Anglican church may weaken pro-Rhodesian sentiment among the British electorate and increase British pressure to bring the Rhodesian government down.

Ian Smith seeks support abroad with the claim that his regime is fighting Communism and preserving "Christian civilization." But the leftist label will be difficult to pin on Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians or even the Salvation Army.

The situation might not have deteriorated to this point if church leaders had acted much earlier. Now, however, they have taken a dramatic stand as a last-ditch effort to halt the dehumanizing spread of apartheid in southern Africa. The risks are considerable. But the church cannot respond to such risks like other institutions. In a profound way, the church must say "no more, never again" to the racist policies of the white minority if it is to remain truly Christian. By their actions the church leaders are affirming a fundamental Christian tenet: that the church because of its mission can cooperate with the secular order only insofar as this order guarantees basic human rights.

FRANCIS M. SEKYEWA

(Francis M. Sekyewa, a graduate student in agriculture at Michigan State, has recently worked with the Association for International Development.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* will again appear on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated July 10, July 24, August 7, August 21, September 4 and September 18. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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From the Past: Kerensky & Brüning

Kerensky once spoke to a Russian history class I was attending. I don't remember what he said. As though it mattered. He had been saying the same thing for 50 years, explaining what went wrong and how it came about that the Russian Revolution was the child of Lenin and not of Kerensky. I only recall the strange, awed, overwhelming sensation stirred in me, not by the man, who could have been one of a thousand émigré professors speaking accented English, but by the *fact* of his presence. On various occasions when my eye fell on tiny news items about Kerensky—he was interviewed, he entered the hospital, he left the hospital—the same sensation momentarily swept me. Kerensky and Lenin, those two men who were to duel for the soul of the Revolution, what novelist would have dared plot their lives in such a manner? How many villages in Russia's expanses? And yet these two both issued from the same sleepy provincial capital. Their fathers worked for the same educational bureaucracy. At a time when Lenin's family was "untouchable"—his older brother had been condemned and executed for an attempt on the Czar's life—Kerensky's father, director of the town school, bravely awarded young Lenin the gold medal for scholastic excellence and recommended him to a university. Such facts hinted to me of the most mysterious workings of Destiny, the stuff of ancient legends. The language had seized Kerensky's name, entered it into our lexicon of fictional or historical personages for everyday use: someone might be "a Kerensky" as someone else might be a Uriah Heep, a Robespierre, a Coriolanus, an Uncle Tom. Could the man who had been a central figure in one of history's great earthquakes simply go on living, residing in a townhouse on New York's East Side, standing white-haired and gentlemanly before us in a lecture-hall on Morningside Heights? For me, the professor might just as well have announced that the day's speaker would be Napoleon Bonaparte or Marie Antoinette.

Achilles had to choose between long life and great glory. Lenin and Kerensky did not get to choose. But again their lives seemed to illustrate a mythic parable. Lenin, the victor in that historic duel, died seven painful years after his victory. Kerensky lived for a half-century more. By any utilitarian pleasure-pain calculus, the kind, for example, on which Washington bases its dealings with revolutionaries, Kerensky surely had the best of it. Yet no one could deny the sadness of his fate. Granted a moment on the stage of world history, this passionate civil liberties lawyer, who once hoped to be an actor, fluffed his lines—or maybe the play was badly written? "The dustbin of history" is a cruel and dangerous phrase, yet it expresses a reality (even as it suggests a mystery) which explains the pathos of Kerensky's long life.

That pathos marked the passing of another man who had brushed with History. Several months ago, tiny obituaries announced the death of Heinrich Brüning. Brüning was the Catholic Center party leader who was chancellor of Germany from 1930 to 1932. His fall, exactly eight months before Hitler came to power, has been called "the decisive moment in the history of these years." He died at the age of 84, tucked away in a small Vermont town, forgotten. Far more attention attended the passing of Hjalmar Schacht, whose unorthodox economic measures stabilized the Nazi regime which Brüning's economic orthodoxy had failed to avert.

It is not easy to draw lessons from the experiences of Kerensky and Brüning. Both were overturned by movements from the Right, by the plotting of the military men with whom they were allied. Faced with a *putsch* attempt by General Kornilov, the man he had appointed supreme commander, Kerensky had to rely on the Bolsheviks' ability to mobilize mass opposition. Brüning was dropped in 1932 by General von Schleicher, who had backed him for the chancellorship in 1930. Neither Kerensky nor Brüning could rally popular support by domestic measures; both placed their hopes in foreign successes. But how much leeway did either man have, hemmed in by pressures which seemed to channel events inexorably toward their eventual outcome?

Not that Kerensky and Brüning were losers, but the way they lost is what renders their fates pathetic. They pursued policies into the ground—the war in 1917, economic deflation in 1932—in apparant unawareness that they stood at unprecedented moments when all bets were off, when history was about to take a decisive jog in a new direction. For all our talk of "crises" and "revolutions" (or maybe because of it), I wonder if we would succeed any better in recognizing such a moment. There is a good case, as the debunking sociologists like to tell us, for remembering that tomorrow will probably be much like today and that most change occurs slowly. But the "prophets" of all ages remind us that history *can* be split, that for individuals and peoples decisive moments do occur when our dark gropings through time are suddenly lit up by a flash of lightning. Kerensky and Brüning missed their moments. They lived through the storm. We might at least learn from them.

PETER STEINFELS

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KIDNAPPED DIPLOMATS:

GREEK TRAGEDY ON A LATIN STAGE

MARCIO MOREIRA ALVES

Karl Von Spreti, West Germany's ambassador, Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro, Guatemala's lame-duck president and the unknown guerrilla soldier who pressed a trigger to kill Von Spreti are all helpless characters in a hopeless tragedy. The execution had many axmen. None was in full charge of his own act. From the moment the guerrilla forces presented their exchange conditions for the ambassador's life, they turned over the execution weapon to the ruling military group. Announcing their refusal to comply, the military fired the shot. Conditions were the oracle's utterance; refusal, destiny's agent; Von Spreti, the marked victim, a fated Oedipus. In this factual chain the most avoidable death became a logical ending.

Von Spreti's execution throws on each of us its collective guilt. Collective is the responsibility for the sacrifice of every innocent whose blood is spilled in the global confrontation between the forces of oppression and the bannerholders of transformation. The fact that the oppressed use violence similar to the oppressors' only aggravates the common guilt. We were all, even before, co-guilty of the murder of at least six thousand Guatemalan peasants, napalmed and shot by Carlos Arana, the colonel recently "elected" president of his country. Guilt was not made less terrible by ignorance, for very few of us were aware of the criminal character of political repression in Guatemala, always prudently silenced by American news-agencies and the so-called "serious" press. Now, responsibility is more direct. The ambassador's death brought to the world's front pages a forgotten war. Now that all know of it, no one has a pretext not to denounce it, not to pressure their own governments and not to mobilize their own peoples to prevent the official support of the great powers from keeping a criminal government in power, a government that sacrifices innocents in the struggle against the revolutionaries who move against it.

MARCIO MOREIRA ALVES, *considered one of the leading spokesmen for the "Catholic Left" in Latin America, is a Brazilian journalist and ex-Congressman now living in exile in Chile.*

West Germany has already publicly declared that its ambassador's sacrifice was avoidable. No statement could be more obvious. A government that has never obeyed constitutional rules has no right to invoke them when at stake is the life of an innocent, a foreigner and a diplomat. A government that during the past three months had complied with kidnappers' demands to save the lives of its Secretary of State and an American attaché could not refuse to negotiate a third time. That it did has several explanations but no excuse.

First, there is a *real-politik* argument: the lives of a minister or of a representative of the dominant power were not risked. Secondly, it is extremely probable that many of the prisoners whose freedom was demanded had already been murdered by the police. At least one of them was killed while the ambassador was still alive. The Guatemalan government was not keen to announce its own crimes to the world. As an auxiliary argument, there is the recent example of Argentina, the refusal to accept the exchange of a Paraguayan consul for two political prisoners and the consul's release.

The "machismo" of Juan Carlos Ongania, Argentina's deposed dictator, seemed too beautiful not to be imitated by Arana Osorio's followers. But they did not ponder upon a few essential differences: In the case of Paraguay, the immediate economic domination is Argentinian; a consul is a third-rate representative; being third-rate, he might not be on close terms with Paraguay's dictator, General Alfredo Stroessner; General Ongania received a letter from his colleague across the border in which he refused to pay his part of the ransom.

The decisive argument for the refusal can be found in the theory of power of Guatemala's real rulers and their recently "elected" leader. Arana Osorio, during his presidential campaign, said that he would end kidnappings by shooting the prisoners demanded in exchange in a public square, one every half an hour. This brutal system is similar to the one proposed by the more radical Brazilian military when the American Ambassador, Mr. Charles Elbrick, was kidnapped in Rio de Janeiro. In Brazil the system was rejected, but from there its defend-

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ers got a free hand in establishing torture of political prisoners as an official questioning routine. In Guatemala the prisoners are not yet shot in a public square, but the hostage was killed and the rightist terrorist organizations are taking bloody revenge.

The power theory supporting official terrorism is simple. Power exists to maintain the existing social and economic order. As this order is opposed to the interests of the immense majority of the people, which it exploits, power must be held by the armed forces, the group with enough coercion to defend it. Therefore, the armed forces are an occupation army, in the name of order. Guerrilla warfare is disorder. It is looked upon as a police problem, not a political one. It has to be destroyed by force. As a guerrilla fighter looks exactly like any common citizen, all nameless citizens are suspect and liable to summary execution. As the Army has to be deployed in regular combat and enormous search operations that tax all its resources, urban repression must be entrusted to civilian groups, be they police or rightist organizations. A close bond is woven between the Army and rightist banditry. "White terror" is officially supported to oppose the guerrillas. Its organizations grow: Organized Nationalist Anticommunist Movement (MANO), New Anticommunist Organization (NOA), Anticommunist Council of Guatemala (CADEG) and so forth. Rightist crimes multiply, the social situation worsens, leftist terror appears as a response.

The "anticommunism" of official terror is quite elastic. Eduardo Galeano, an Uruguayan journalist who interviewed Guatemala's guerrilla leaders and studied the country's political situation, says that "for a Guatemalan military man a 'Communist' is anyone whose ideas are different from those of the Guatemalan military; in short, a Communist is anyone who has ideas. In certain regions it's a crime to be young." And he goes on to give a long list of murders—the brother of Cesar Montes, a guerrilla leader, whose body was found three days after his arrest by the Army; Luis del Valle, found after the same delay after being arrested by the police; Tomas Guerrero, secretary of the government's party in Puerto Barrios; Jose Maria Rivera Flores, from the same Revolutionary Party, eleven members of this party in the state of Sanarate who, after being killed were listed as guerrillas, and many more. In 1968 Miss Guatemala was murdered by the MANO.

It is evident that in any country squeezed by rightist reaction and leftist revolution, diplomatic kidnappings will go on. Just as the air blockade of Cuba is a powerful incentive for airplane highjacking, the lack of legal guarantees is an incentive for kidnapping ambassadors. Where there are political prisoners there is a risk for foreign diplomats. This means that in almost all of Latin America, from Mexico, dominated by the Revolutionary Institutionalized Party (PRI) to Patagonia, held under the sway of the Argentinian *'gorillas,'* no embassy or legation can feel absolutely safe. Terror has its own rules. One is that in the absence of a court system all means are legitimate to get people out of the torture chambers. Blackmailing is the desperate man's habeas corpus.

Dividing the responsibilities for Count Von Spreti's death, one finds that not even his own government can plead not-guilty, even though it tried to pay the material part of the ransom and almost severed relations with Guatemala.

In criminal law the instigator and the murderer share the same sentence. The murderer, in this case, was the guerrilla organization. It could, in such a violent situation as Guatemala's, plead mitigating circumstances; it had no other choice. If the ambassador had been released, it would never again be able to create another position of force from which to negotiate with the government. Backing out would spread defeatism among the masses, on whose support it must lean to go on fighting. The revolution would have a setback and repression would increase.

The direct instigator, that is, the government of Guatemala, could also plead a mitigating circumstance: it considers itself at war. To put into the hands of the enemy the possibility of freeing prisoners could affect its survival in two ways: strengthening the cadres and popular prestige of the guerrillas and giving a pretext to the military groups to shorten the delay for a takeover. The military would argue, if the exchange was accepted, that the government was soft in the face of leftist threats.

No mitigating circumstances can be pleaded by the indirect instigators, the governments of the great powers and, especially, the U.S. They all have the basic responsibility for the survival of Guatemala's social and economic structures. In 1954, the C.I.A. organized the military revolution against Jacobo Arbenz, a reformist president. It openly armed and financed Colonel Castillo Armas, who became dictator. As a fringe benefit, United Fruit got back most of the lands that had been distributed to 120,000 landless families and Standard Oil got concessions—that it keeps as strategic reserves—for oil prospecting in almost half the country's territory. The concession agreement was submitted to the rubber stamp Congress in English and was translated into Spanish only after the protests of a less subservient congressman. The Central American Common Market, planned and applauded by Washington, profits only American corporations, the only ones with sufficient technological, financial and commercial capacity to operate in all the region's countries. The other developed capitalistic countries also take their share of profits from Guatemala's situation and the socialists, especially the Soviet Union, give loans and try to trade across ideological barriers.

The intervention of the developed or any other underdeveloped nation is immoral and not only when it takes the form of open armed invasion, as in the case of Cuba or the Dominican Republic. Being immoral, it cre-

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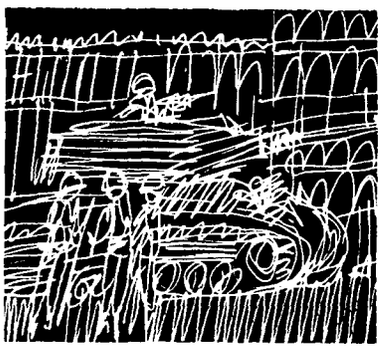
ates reactions, that demand a price. Von Spreti paid this price with his life.

The survival of a political regime like Guatemala's is tightly connected with the international support it gets. The Army is armed and, in a substantial way, trained by the United States. The Treasury's most acute problems are covered by American money. Economic dependency is a consequence of the country's agricultural and financial integration with international capitalism. How long would the regime survive without this international help?

The OAS which, like the Interamerican Press Society, quickly reacts when U.S. financial interests are at stake,



expelled Cuba and approved the economic and diplomatic blockade of Castro's regime saying that its dictatorial character was against the organization's principles. How many times have the rightist terrorist regimes been threatened with the same sanctions? What sanctions were proposed against the torturers of Brazil, the butchers of Paraguay, the dictators of Argentina? When has anyone in the Organization of the American States gotten up to condemn the bloody dictatorships of Nicaragua, Santo Domingo or Honduras? Never. Condemnations are heard only against the military regimes of Peru and Bolivia, that do not murder their political foes but expropriate American oil concerns.

The Organization of the American States recognizes as untouchable only one human right: the right to private property. Can this organization, can these states that cover massacres with a shroud of silence, have the moral authority to protest against the murder of the German ambassador? They are among the instigators of this murder.

The sorrowful display made by the rightist Latin and North American press over Von Spreti's death was repulsive. Papers that didn't give three inches to the massacres of My Lai gave several full pages to the murder. Strangely, no reference was made to Guatemala's internal situation and its political regime. An Associated Press cable went so far as to call Colonel Arana Osorio the "antiguerrilla hero." Whose hero? The execution was presented as an isolated act of violence that leftist extremists perpetrated against a decent government. Only the Europeans, headed by the Germans that had been directly attacked, analyzed the situation by trying to divide guilt between both parties. A young Frankfurt student said: "If they had kidnapped an American or one of their own ministers they would have freed their comrades." True. These are the rules.

It once more was clear in this case that systematic suppression of information is part of the system of continental domination that is responsible for Von Spreti's death. The press that so loudly cried over his body is an accomplice in his murder. Its partisan behavior is absolutely predictable. In Chile, for instance, when the government got a court order to seize a leftist magazine, *Punto Final,* the Interamerican Press Society was mute. But when an edition of an afternoon paper belonging to the *El Mercurio* group, stout defender of American interests and of reactionary positions, was seized, telegrams flew in like locusts. When the Peruvian government handed the property of *Expreso* and *Extra* over to its workers, the sky almost fell in. It was as if General Velasco Alvarado had made cannibalism legal and offered a banquet of roasted nuns. But when the Brazilian dictatorship keeps all mass media under strict censorship, it receives only formal polite protests. And when it arrests and tortures journalists, it can count on silence. The difference is that the Brazilian military men are pillars of the Western world, in favor of the accumulation of private property and great accumulators themselves.

A political condemnation, that is, a collective condemnation of the ambassador's execution can only be made if this and other similar cases are analyzed in the context of the total situation. The kidnapping of diplomats, like the bombing of some symbolic buildings, bank holdups or attacks on military barracks are part of a form of struggle—urban guerrilla warfare. Politically one has to ask if this form of warfare can lead to power and to the transformation of society, objectives that would justify it even theologically. (It is well to remember those who in Latin America like to quote Saint Thomas in favor of the present structures.)

Urban guerrilla warfare always carries the seeds of adventurism. An impatient armed group decides to start revolution by itself. Security arrangements make it cut itself from society in such a way that it tends to substitute itself for the revolutionary classes. Thrown into direct action, it has to abandon mass politics. A moral competition with the State's repressive apparatus starts. Military problems overshadow political leadership. The revolutionary's thought inverts itself; what is good for the armed struggle is considered good for the people. More and more the people are cut off from the contest. It starts to look upon the revolutionaries as if they were Indians in a Western. The people may pledge their emotional sympathies with the revolutionaries, but there is no way of taking part in the fight. The lack of popular participation in the process transforms its character—meant to be collective, it becomes individualistic. The revolutionary ceases to make revolution with the people and starts to

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make revolution for the people. In an advanced stage of ideological decay, he considers the masses paralyzed. He arrives at the last point of his contradictions: he is willing to die for those he despises. So, in a terrible idealistic deformation, he dies bitterly.

If an armed action is not deeply related to the degree of political awareness of the masses it can be a help to the system. It focuses police attention, brings about more effective repressive methods, makes torture a questioning routine, etc. Greater repression makes people fear, and over a long haul, disrupts the organizing possibilities of the masses.

Theoretically, no revolutionary party ever inscribed terrorism among its methods. Terror is abjured by all, even the nineteenth-century anarchist. But individual violence always appears. There is always a group that labels itself a vanguard and starts to throw bombs. When the enemy is easily identified, as the troops, the French in Algiers, the Americans in Vietnam, this sort of action does not greatly impede the development of a popular war. But when the confrontation is exclusively internal, as in all civil wars, the results can be disastrous. In Russia, China or Cuba the revolutionaries began to hunt down the police's axmen only when the correlation between the forces of repression and the masses started to be more favorable to the masses.

The kidnapping of the Paraguayan consul in Buenos Aires was a clear act of adventurism. So were the New York bombings by radical student groups or the holdups by the Leftist Revolutionary Movement (MIR), in Chile. The kidnapping of the American Ambassador in Rio de Janeiro, though it brought about many deaths and immense losses for the revolutionaries, may have had certain justifications. In Guatemala, having in mind the highly organized Revolutionary Armed Forces (FAR) and the solid support it gets from large sectors, it is possible that a stronger revolutionary logic existed. There cannot be an *a priori* political condemnation of the kidnappers. It may be that their action was in relation to the degree of political activism of the local masses. What the murder certainly did was to trigger more rightist terrorism and to bring the struggle to a more acute point. On the other hand, it annulled the Argentinian effort to ban political asylum for prisoners freed in exchange of diplomats. From now on it will be extremely difficult for a Latin American government to refuse exchanges.

What must be condemned, from a moral point of view, is the ambassador's murder. The sacrifice of an innocent victim is always inexcusable. The sacrifice of millions of innocent victims, murder by oppressive structures, by what the Latin American Catholic bishops called "institutional violence," is unbearable. Both are collective crimes. The only way to avoid murder, be it individual or social, is to eliminate the oppressive structures.

Without the destruction of these rotted systems in which, as in the case of Guatemala, 2 percent of the landlords have 80 percent of the land or, as in Brazil, less than a million people earn more than $6,500 a year, while 45 million earn less than $130, these crimes will happen again and again. The destruction of oppressive structures and the creation of a new society has a single name: revolution.

THE PROBLEM OF HOPE

Can we judge the theology of hope an unmixed blessing?

MARY DALY

In recent years we have heard a great deal about the theology of hope. Such scholars as Jürgen Moltmann have pronounced themselves in indisputably learned and acute studies on the side of re-eschatologizing Christian theology, that is, of recognizing hope as the central driving force of Christianity. This has been a welcome and needed trend. Yet some thinkers are not exactly dazzled by the movement, and others are coming around to taking a second and more critical look at it. I would suggest that such criticism is needed and perhaps overdue.

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It was important, of course, that theology should liberate itself from the static world view of Hellenism and of the Middle Ages. One need only think of the life experience of medieval man to realize that his world-view could not be stretched to fit contemporary experience. Although there were cases of the lowly born who worked their way up the social ladder through the church, there was not the sort of social mobility characteristic of modern times. Theologically, there was no great problem about social injustice. This world was understood to be a place of trial to be endured patiently and quickly passed through. All injustices were temporary and would be explained and rectified at the general judgment.

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Hierarchical social structures were reflected in medieval man's theological vision of the universe. Thomas Aquinas, for example, thought in terms of a hierarchy of being, according to which the lowest level of created reality was inorganic matter, followed by the vegetable kingdom, then brute animals, next man, and finally the pure spirits, the angels. There was order and harmony in the whole picture, and it seemed quite logical and right. All species, it was thought, had been fixed and preordained by God. As for man himself, the principal realm in which mobility was allotted to him by his theology was that of grace: he could attempt to merit a high place in heaven. However, there was a certain ambiguity even in this, since fundamentally grace was understood to be a free gift of God, whose ways were inscrutable to man.

Given the basically static view that much of traditional theology offered of man and the world, it is not astonishing that the best of human potentialities were projected onto "God." Although it is true that the leading medieval theologians did not simply think of God as "a being" or as "the supreme being" (which would reduce the divine reality to one entity among others, no matter how "super"), but rather as the depth of reality which is intimately present yet totally other, this sophistication of thought does not appear to have filtered through to the majority of Christians. The common understanding of God expressed itself in terms of spatial transcendence, in terms of a God "up there." Moreover, even in the writings of skilled theologians the language of transcendence frequently slipped into spatial categories that were misleading. This language encouraged projection mechanisms by which latent human qualities were frequently bestowed upon this "supreme being," who then was said to have these qualities in a supereminent degree. Many envisioned themselves as living beneath the shadow of this tyrant God who had everything to which they themselves dared not aspire. The "supreme being" was a cause of alienation, cutting men off from their own deepest identity.

The death of this caricature of God was a signal for the birth of authentic man. Since this distorted image appeared to be the God of Christianity, it is not surprising that modern secular humanists have turned their backs upon Christianity. Nor is it surprising that contemporary theologians have listened attentively to these critics. Among the consequences of this listening have been the movements toward demythologization, toward secularization theology, and toward the theology of hope. The first two of these movements have frequently been judged as not unmixed blessings, that is, as conveying important insights but also as being partially misleading.

Now, after having had a few years to reflect upon it, what can we say of the third of the aforementioned movements—the theology of hope? Can we judge it to be an unmixed blessing? I think that the answer to the second question will have to be negative. I leave aside the common objection that the theologians of hope often seem to suffer from a peculiar vagueness concerning the content of that hope. This sort of vagueness about content may well be endemic to theology, and one may argue that it is for others to fill in the content. The problem that I see is more radical than this. I would suggest that the central weakness of the theology of hope is connected with its rejection of the mysticism of being.

This rejection is expressed explicitly in Moltmann's introduction to *Theology of Hope*, in which he states:

> The mysticism of being, with its emphasis on the living of the present moment, presupposes an immediacy to God which the faith that believes in God on the ground of Christ cannot adopt without putting an end to the historic mediation and reconciliation of God and man in the Christ event, and so also, as a result of this, putting an end to the observation of history under the category of hope.

What is being rejected is not merely "the supreme being," which is indeed a caricature. The hope-ers have also turned away from the experience—even from the possibility of the experience—of God as the deep ground of our being. In place of this, they prefer to think of God "with future as his essential nature." I think we should ask what meaning content there is in such an expression and to what human experience it can possibly correspond.

Shortly after Moltmann's *Theology of Hope* first appeared in English, a book review in *Commonweal* (Oct. 4, 1968) pointed in a general way to this problem. The reviewer remarked that "the force of a promise cannot hang merely on its unfulfilled future. Promise as the pointing to the goal cannot be the ground of our hope or faith." The meaning of this criticism is clear: it would seem that there must be a present or at least presently remembered experience to serve as the foundation for an authentic hope. The reviewer also pointed out that the kind of promise that founds Christian hope requires quite a promiser, and that the event of disclosure of such a promiser might well provide a momentary experience of eternity or at least a radically heterogeneous experience of time. However, this is precisely what the theology of hope excludes. Although *Commonweal*'s reviewer did not push his intimations much further than this, it appears to me that he did manage to hit upon the essential weakness of the theology of hope as it is usually presented. Indeed, he would have had similar difficulties with a recently published book of the "hope" school, in which it is asserted that "rather than think of God as the ultimate ground of our being we should accept him as the God before us" (Gerald O'Collins, in *Man and His Hopes*). We should ask how we are to conceive of a "God before us" unless there is a present disclosure upon which such intimations of the future can be based.

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We should, in other words, raise the question of religious experience. Moreover, the question has to be pushed further to the objective ground of that experience. It is not enough to speak of God's *promises* without raising the question of the *God* who promises. It would seem reasonable, then, to think that the basis for even the most modest leap of faith in a "God before us" would be divine reality which *is* now, and which is somehow manifested to us now. It may be helpful to stress that Christianity is an eschatological religion, but we are left with the nagging question of what may be the criterion for our hope. Moreover, if we do not wish to settle for some anthropomorphic image of "the divine promiser," it seems reasonable at least to consider the possibility that it would be appropriate to speak of this reality as the ground of being. The fact that this possibility is so easily dismissed by the theologians of hope gives rise to the suspicion that there is an inherent bias in their theology which simply blocks it out.

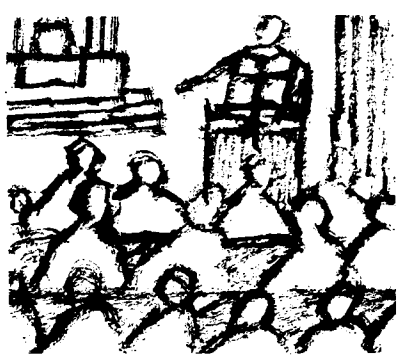
Behind a Bias

I would suggest that there is such a bias and that it is linked with the desire to dehellenize Christianity and to pursue instead a future-oriented, biblical outlook. It is, of course, a commonly accepted thesis that the hellenization of Christianity has had paralyzing consequences. I do not think that there is any reason to dispute this. Moreover, it is a relief, perhaps a source of exhilaration, to speak of a God of the future after centuries of stagnation under the image of the supreme being. However, it is important to ask whether perhaps we are being dazzled by future-talk which may be combined with a sort of "bibliolatry"—dazzled to such an extent that we no longer recognize the living values that have come to us from the Greeks. Some thinkers, such as Michael Novak, have suggested that we need more religion and less Christianity. That is, there is a very real possibility of a kind of fixation upon the bible, which is accompanied by narrowness of vision and lack of openness to more universal forms of religious experience.

I would suggest that the theology of hope as generally formulated tends to neglect a dimension of religious experience which is at the core not only of Christianity but perhaps also of other world religions. I refer to the immediate experience of something ultimate in value and meaning, as acknowledged by many great religious thinkers. The Scholastics called this *a priori* "being-itself." Tillich called it "the ground of being." Spinoza called it "universal substance." James called it "beyond subjectivity and objectivity." Jaspers called it "the Encompassing." Whitehead called it "value-creating process." In all of these cases, although the forms of the intuitive awareness may have varied, there has been some sense of presence and immediacy. It would seem to be by reason of such intuitions that theology comes into existence. It is true that most of the aforementioned thinkers would generally be called philosophers of religion rather than theologians. As Tillich points out, the Christian theologian adds to such an *a priori* the criterion of the Christian message. However, I think it is dubious that there can be genuine theology without such an *a priori*. As Jaspers remarks, in writing of the Encompassing, if awareness of this deep ground is missing, then we have nothing but "the random swirling of dead husks of words."

The dimension of religious experience which the theology of hope generally tends not to recognize as valid is often expressed in ontological, hellenic terms. However, not every usage of terms which were employed by the Greeks needs to be paralyzing. The fact that a theologian abundantly uses the term "being" reveals an ontological emphasis. However, this need not mean that he has a "static" notion of God or that to speak of divine reality as ground of being, power of being, or being-itself is to be closed to the future. In fact, quite the opposite may be true. This manner of conceptualizing may enable one to be open to the future.

That this openness to the future is possible for an ontological theology is suggested first by consideration of the problem of communication. As the "noospheric net" of this planet tightens, as communication between Christians and the increasing legion of non-Christians becomes more and more imperative, it becomes ever more evident that we must break out of the bonds of our exclusive-



ness, that we must become able to speak a language that can be meaningful to those who are not attuned to "the biblical message." The experience of man's threatened existence and of the anxieties that accompany finitude and the threat of non-being is universal. By contrast, belief in "the divine promise" or in the Resurrection of Jesus is by no means as universal. From the point of view of one who would communicate with those outside orthodox Christianity (which would include many of the radical young), then, the ontological approach would seem to have more immediate possibilities.

Moreover, in an ontologically oriented theology, openness to the future as well as to the present is implied in the awareness of the ground and power of being. All

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finite beings participate in this power; otherwise they would be swallowed by non-being. It is the power of being that infinitely resists non-being, sustaining everything that is, and making possible the courage we need to exist now and to move into the future.

If, as is the case with the theology of hope as presently formulated, openness to the future is stressed without a corresponding emphasis upon the presence of divine power, is there a possibility of serious distortion in one's theological vision? I would suggest that there is such a possibility. I do not mean to imply that the only conceivable solution will be a return to hellenic conceptualizations of this presence, although I do not see the need to reject a particular terminology simply because it was also used by the Greeks. Indeed, a philosophical basis for the theology of hope might well be developed along a variety of lines, such as those suggested in the writings of Teilhard de Chardin or in the process philosophy of Whitehead. In any case the problem is to reach for a more truly ecumenical (or post-ecumenical), universal, and authentic ground for hope. The "God before us" should be envisioned as the completion, not the rejection, of the God within us.

There is another and closely interrelated difficulty with the theology of hope as currently expressed. This problem was suggested by Michael Novak's remark (in *A Theology for Radical Politics*) that the moving spring of the theology of hope—as developed by Moltmann and also, by implication, as presented by others—is not theology at all, but "cultural pressure arising from a new stage of science, technology, and international politics." This is probably an exaggeration. Nevertheless, it raises an important question: Might we not be tempted to settle for a theology which can too easily be made to serve technical ideologies? It would be well to listen to the warnings of such thinkers as Theodore Roszak, who, in *The Making of a Counter Culture*, writes of "the easy assimilation to which the major religious congregations have yielded in their growing desire to seem progressive." We should also remember Herbert Marcuse's warning that we live in a society in which "everything can be co-opted, everything can be digested." Recognizing this situation, we should be wary of too facile discussions of political theology and theology of revolution. Indeed, mere social and political revolution, even if it is aimed against alienating structures and even if it is inspired by a theology of hope, could well result only in "more of the same" after the cards have been reshuffled. We should therefore turn our attention to the problem of the deep meaning of revolution.

The deep dimensions of the revolution that is needed have been guessed by the most perceptive of the radical young, who—as Roszak points out—see that theirs is not primarily a social but a psychic task. What these perceptive young (and others who share their vision) are working toward is not merely external change, nor ideological change, but a transformation of consciousness. They believe that they must give priority to the task of remodeling themselves, over and above the public work of remodeling institutions.

If theology is to be of real help to those in quest of psychic revolution, of transformation of consciousness, it must, I believe, always return to the deep intuitions out of which it receives life. It must return to awareness of the divine *presence* in nature and in human life. On this point the theology of hope does not seem to be serving as a completely trustworthy guide. To say this is not to deny its indisputable value. On the contrary, it is because it has much to offer that there is the possibility of a sort of seduction; that is, that one may be blind to its deficiencies. In that case the hope it engenders may be inauthentic and easily exploited by a technological society which has generated false needs and a false consciousness.

BOO!

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THE STAGE

Ghosts are haunting me. A few weeks ago in these pages I complained that *Child's Play* was like a production of *The Innocents* with Quint always on stage. Not long after I wrote the review, I went to see the New York City Opera production of Benjamin Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*—back in the repertory for the first time since 1962—and there was Quint in spades. Although the ghosts were real enough in William Archibald's play version of Henry James' story, the playwright kept the Governess (James' narrator) center stage and focused on her growing hysteria. For Britten, for his librettist Myfanwy Piper, most of all for Theodore Mann who directed this production of the opera, James' tale is the "Victorian ghost story" Mann called it in a *New York Times* interview—and not much more.

The performance was generally a good one. Maralin Niska's Governess became a convincing character not simply a voice and the children were fine. Ellen Faull's Mrs. Grose was as solid as the Sunday roast and the ghosts, alas, were properly sepulchral. Since I respond to opera as drama, I might have had a good shivery time if I could have surrendered to the whole thing. But there was James' marvelously ambiguous story hovering over the stage and rendering ludicrous the machine-made mists out of which stepped a flour-faced Quint and his Vampira-like companion in evil. Mann allowed his performers to do a number of nice small things and there was one impressive grand moment—Miles' deliberate descent of the stairs—but most of the effects were too large, too

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garish, too hokey for my taste. The faults, however, are not simply Mann's. Although Britten and Miss Piper reach for a few metaphysical points, as Britten always does, their conception of the James story forces them to freeze dry the amorphous spirits into physical bodies on stage. The opera closely follows the "events" of James' story without ever quite admitting how unverifiable those "events" are.

Once the Prologue is out of the way, the opera begins on just the right note. We meet the Governess en route to Bly, bubbling with anticipation, an attractive woman but, like James' character, a little too romantic, too foolish. After her arrival, she is given a moment to herself, but, as she sings her pleasure in the house, a note of foreboding insinuates itself into the music and she is visited by an inexplicable sense of disquiet. The incident recalls the moment in the second scene of *The Innocents* in which Miss Giddens, apparently at ease with Flora, suddenly shudders, but the opera scene is more effective because the audience can hear the disturbing element in the music. More important, there is no indication whether it is objective or subjective. At that moment, it looks as though Britten could do the James story without the ghosts taking shape, without their ever escaping the score, and the casting of William Dupree as both Quint and the non-singing Guardian in the Prologue indicates that the opera is not quite as indifferent to the psychology of the Governess as Mann's *Times* interview suggests.

Quickly, however, Quint materializes and Miss Jessel follows on his heels. When the second act opens with a ghostly duet, as though the "unutterable woe" James' narrator saw in Miss Jessel had abruptly found its voice, the two ghosts are given an existence that depends neither on the Governess nor the children. Their expository scene reduces the story to the flattest kind of supernatural melodrama and not even the Yeats line they borrow can lift the opera back into the realm of the suggestive. The most effective scene in the last half of the opera is the duel in Miles' room in which the Governess and Quint, an offstage voice only, sing across the boy, their struggle rising to culminate in his scream. Next to no ghosts, the scene implies, invisible ghosts are best.

Even within its own terms, the end of the opera was disappointing in this production. In both the James story and the Archibald play, Miles dies in the Governess' arms in her moment of imagined triumph over Quint. The opera intends the same thing. The libretto directs that the Governess sing "Miles? Miles?" and then, realizing that the boy is dead, slowly put the body down. At the New York State Theatre, Miles fell to the floor on Quint's last "Farewell . . ." and all that was left for the Governess was anticlimax. Had that scene worked dramatically, the Jamesian ambiguity might have been drowned in a theatrical experience of a very different kind. Instead, I left the theater, wondering whatever happened to Henry James.

GERALD WEALES

NEIGH!

THE SCREEN

A production note in the press release distributed at the screening of "A Man Called Horse" reads, "This is not just another Hollywood version of the Indian legend, but the Indians' own statement of their trials." Just above that, there's a line about Corinna Tsopei, "A former Miss Greece and Miss Universe, she plays her first major role in 'A Man Called Horse' as Running Deer, the Indian maiden who brings meaning to Richard Harris' life."

The notes give a clue to the confused standards brought to this confusing Hollywood salute to the Sioux tribe, a salute that I'm sure the Sioux could live without. The film might have succeeded had it been purely a serious study of the American Indian, circa 1825, or a better-than-average Indian action film sans heavy sociology. But the double-standard seeps through and gets in the way.

Throughout, the camera work is fine, and the background sequences and faces are always more interesting than the foreground action. Yakima Canutt did the second unit work, and he's taken advantage of the weather-beaten faces of the Rosebud Reservation Sioux who appear as extras and in featured roles.

But a typical example of the film's Hollywood aspect is leading lady Corinna Tsopei, far too beautiful, too porcelain, when she should be grubby and tarnished. Never once are we given a clue as to what goes on behind that gorgeous facial mask. Why is Running Deer protected by a shrill of a grandmother (Dame Judith Anderson, no less, as Buffalo Cow Head). Why does Running Deer lust for a blonde English lord when she can have a nice Indian beau who loves her without complications (and how did that English lord manage to find the time to touch up his hair between beatings and horsework?). The only thought that Miss Tsopei projects is "pay careful attention to me in my screen debut." And so, we don't.

Dame Judith Anderson plays it Greek tragedy—Medea at the reservation—but her performance is a joy and her appearance an asset to the film: strong tanned face, grey hair parted midcenter—two little pigtails dangling from the side, and a costume that looks as though it has just been dug out of the very earth from which she herself has emerged.

As a "physical" actor, Richard Harris, bleach job notwithstanding, rates a gold star. Fortunately, his dialogue is minimal. Unfortunately, even that is too much. "Little Freedom, you are part of me," says Harris to Miss Universe. "Where I go, you go, forever." Ugh.

Sioux, incidentally, is spoken by the Sioux Indians throughout, a fact we can all be grateful for.

ARTHUR BELL

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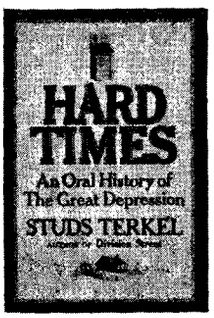
BOOKS

LIFE AND HARD TIMES

SAUL MALOFF



Let me construct the latest Eternal Principle, which is to say a sneaky, intuitive, nighttime hunch, or half-idea, the sort that looks like a blinding illumination at three o'clock in the morning, and that may even retain enough solidity in the cruel glare of daylight to withstand a moment's close scrutiny.

Here it is: Like the sundered soul in Plato forever in quest of reunion with its twin, each decade—considered as an historical unit, chronological or metaphoric, whichever suits one's immediate purposes more conveniently—has a matching decade somewhere in the cupboards of time. Deep calling unto deep, they seem to correspond in surprising ways, vibrating and resonating to astral impulses—some great tuning fork in the sky. Utterances uttered long ago ring bells, touch off racial memories; a century-old treatise (leaf through Marx's *Civil War in France* some idle evening) seems to have been written yesterday; in the corridors of history we keep stumbling upon ourselves.

"Hard times," of course, is an ancient and honorable expression; it is also the title of one of Dickens' least-read novels, and the title refers to a terrible decade in English history. There is no way of telling whether Studs Terkel had the Dickens novel somewhere in his mind when he put together his *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression* (Pantheon, 462 pp, $8.95); but the two decades abound in interesting parallels. Similarly, the 1950s, for reasons not altogether clear beyond some superficial resemblances, put us in mind of the '20s; perhaps it provided a respite, a diversion from the long coma of the Eisenhower years. In my reckless reading of American history-as-literature, by the grace of which I hold myself accountable to nothing but my cloudy sense of things, the Second World War began a two-decade-long narrative digression, as if a self-indulgent novelist had permitted himself to wander from the central action in the wake of a promising lead just to see where it would take him—and then, fancying it for itself though knowing it to be inessential by the strictest reckoning, had allowed it to stand in the published version, a handsome "flaw" in an otherwise tightly-constructed work.

In this version, we resumed our "natural" history with the '60s: the immediate past and ongoing present is continuous with the '30s; or, alternatively, it discovers in the '30s its counterpart. Since such theorizing is closer in spirit to bad poetry than to method, it requires no "hard" evidence in validation—we can leave methodology to the methodologues; but the recent landslide of books devoted to the Depression period surely provides some sort of soft evidence, if you feel the need of any; but I prefer still softer, in fact vaporous evidence: there is a hovering in the air, a beating of wings that tells us of such things. The '30s is "our" decade.

Studs Terkel, who was the man intended to do the job, set out with his tape recorder to interview the survivors; his aim was to gather up a kind of folk-say, and his method, accordingly, seems to have been no more grand than to get his subjects remembering and talking, himself occasionally interpolating a question to jog or steer memory. Not quite as free-wheeling as that: Terkel attempts a loose, easy, casual demography, placing his characters along an occupational/regional/typological spectrum. But this purpose remained far more general than, say, that of the more rigorous, systematic Oscar Lewis or Eliot Lebow: to evoke from the collective memory, from the sound of America speaking, some sense of the way we lived then, of how it went with us, of how we felt and what we thought and did when the world fell apart, and we sensed that, even if we could somehow manage to put it together again, nothing would ever be the same again. Apart from the intrinsic significance of such works, all of them require finally to be judged as art.

Art does not happen by the accident of random and copious speech. *Hard Times* is not art; it isn't really "oral history." Despite laborious editing, the book seems stitched together; and it would have benefited greatly from still closer editing. Much in it is slack—mere drift; in its present form the book is an anthology of uneven quality. Perhaps, as in the romantic view of folk-art, a great and ancient tradition of *speech*, of folk-saying, as in pre-literate cultures, must provide the enabling source; whatever the case, either it is not true that if you hang around the county courthouse or village store long enough, you'll find hordes of untutored poets and golden-tongued tale-tellers; or Terkel didn't hang around long enough; or they were all dead by then, buried beside the still waters of the Spoon River. Terkel did find some, however; and veins in others; and the best passages strung together are pure gold.

SAUL MALOFF, *former Books editor at* Newsweek, *is the author of* Happy Families *(Scribner's).*

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Motifs, unsought, emerge; and as they do we inevitably transpose them from then to now: how much has changed? and how little? Above all, we are struck by the widespread sense then of an unprecedented event, as if nothing in history had prepared them for the possibility that life can become so utterly unmoored; the sense of shock, as if the laws of nature had been insanely reversed, and no known response was any longer appropriate.

Beautiful accidents occur spontaneously: the touch of art. A woman who was a migrant worker, scarcely more than a child herself and pregnant when she and her husband first struck out for the road, is haunted by an image of the time. The one thing that started her thinking, she says, was President Roosevelt's cuff links. She had never before thought about much of anything; and then she "read in the paper how many pairs of cuff links he had. It told that some of them were rubies and precious stones. . . . And I'll never forget, I was setting on an old tire out in the front yard and we were poor and hungry. I was setting out there in the hot sun, there weren't any trees. And I was wondering why it is that one man could have all those cuff links when we couldn't even have enough to eat. When we lived on gravy and biscuits. That's the first time I remember ever wondering why." Another man asks, "What the hell's this all about?" The trouble was something called The System; or, more devastatingly (the theme appears again and again), the trouble lay in oneself: some inner fault brought down the misery. And if the flaw was inner, the rate and despair could flow in no other direction. ". . . it was your own fault," a man says. "You took it and kept quiet. A kind of shame about your own personal failure. I was wondering what the hell it was all about." The "dominant thing," another says, "was this helpless despair and submission. There was anger and rebellion among a few but, by and large, that quiet desperation and submission."

So far the speakers have been white; even when they have been more or less destitute for generations—dirt farmers, tenants, sharecroppers—they have still been white. "*Great* Depression," an elderly Negro laughs. "I made out during that . . . *Great* Depression. Worked as a teamster for a lumber yard. Forty cents an hour. Monday we'd have a little work. They'd say come back Friday. There wasn't no need to look for another job. The few people working, most all of them were white. So I had another little hustle. I used to play pool pretty good." "The Negro was born in depression," he says. "It didn't mean too much to him, The Great American Depression, as you call it. There was

no such thing. The best he could be is a janitor or a porter or a shoeshine boy. It only became official when it hit the white man."

Every now and again someone remembers the Unemployed Councils, the great trade union struggles, class war, the early organizing days of the CIO, the Flint sit-in, the General Motors strike, demonstrations in the streets, the Iowa farmers with their shotguns and pitchforks; and the goons, the ginks, the company finks (was the origin of those terms understood when they were revived in the '60s, and applied more generally?), the cops and guardsmen and old Henry Ford's private stormtroopers—but this, one feels, is the romantic-revolutionary version of the '30s, which holds that in those days there were giants in the earth and that we stood on the very brink of something tremendous, some "new world" of the ballads and the agit-prop plays. "You'd find political discussions going on in a boxcar," a former coalminer and steelmill worker says. "Ridin" a hundred miles or so, guys were all strangers, maybe two or three knew each other, pairs. There might be twenty men involved. They would discuss politics, what was happening. What should be done about this, that and so forth. . . . Oh, they was ready for revolution. . . . People were talkin' revolution all over the place. You met guys ridin' the freight trains and so forth, talkin' about what they'd like to do with a machine gun. How they'd like to tear loose on the rich."

Bindlestiffs don't make revolutions; even the rage, the fantasies of mayhem, bloody vengeance, holocaust, the rapping (an anachronism, I'm aware) about revolution—these, we know even without the wisdom of hindsight, are not in themselves the necessary and sufficient conditions for bringing down the State, though they may cause it to shake and tremble a little—and reach for its guns. The speaker, plain-spoken as he is, is a gifted natural observer. These days, he remarks, "you don't find much political talk any more among workingmen"; but in those days, "you always found a bunch of young workers, up and coming, that read a lot. They liked to discuss history and things like that. They read Socialist and Communist publications. . . . Even in these small towns, they passed newspapers, magazines around. . . . People read and talked more than they do now."

Notoriously, there is a grave risk that, having survived a great (or even a small) historic (or personal) occasion, Terkel's people cannot help but sentimentalize and melodramatize their past; but all risks notwithstanding, I am convinced by the evidence that between then and now something vital went out of the national spirit—a humanly catastrophic loss of feeling, of human resonance, of whatever it is that attracts us to some people and not

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others, some places and not others, indeed some historical periods and not others, or, for that matter, some works of art and not others. The theme beats insistently: then we were human; now we are something less than that. We are thing-ridden half to death; the salt has lost its savor—though in this book, of course, you won't find such posh and trendy words as alienation, estrangement, anomie, dehumanization. The musician Country Joe McDonald, who was twenty-six when Terkel recorded this, remarks: "I travel around and talk to some of the Mexican migrant workers. In a way, they seem closer to each other than most well-off middle-class people. . . . It's hard to be phony when you haven't got anything. I mean when you're really down and out. I think the Depression had some kind of human qualities with it that we lack now." "Everything was important," a woman recalls. "If one man died, it was like a headline. Life was more important . . . that this *one* man died . . . Now we hear traffic tolls, we hear Vietnam . . . life is just so, it's not precious now." "Life was important," a man says. "Life was significant." "All in all, a painful time, but a glorious time," another remembers.

The grave temptation in dealing with a book full of good talk is simply to allow the talkers to talk. Let us conclude, therefore, with a lesson which is as clear (and ambiguous) as black and white. A Wall Street financial consultant (white, of course), the very figure of an Establishment type, is remembering with affection and disbelief his radical student-days at, of all places, the University of Virginia. A dead-broke scholarship boy, he organized a Marxist study class. He speaks of the "real class warfare" between the scholarship boys and the Greeks. He tried to organize a union in Charlottesville and brought a Negro speaker to the campus, an "old Socialist" and the first black man to speak at Mr. Jefferson's university since Reconstruction (and hence a front-page story in many Eastern newspapers, including the *New York Times*). In 1935 he and his friends shut down all university classes for a peace demonstration; called for an end to imperialist wars. "I was a troublemaker then," he concludes, and laughs. And then: "I wish I still were." That's the white part.

Now the black. The man speaking is no Cleaver, no Seale; not at all the sort who strikes terror into the hearts of Hicksville. Chicago would be happy to have him sit on a jury. John Mitchell wishes there were more like him; and Richard Nixon, if he were to see him, might think him almost white, in the right light. Spiro Agnew would like to take him along on speaking tours, point to him with pride and pleasure, ask him to sit in on jam-sessions of whorehouse blues and join the White House minstrel show, poke him in the ribs and swap some racial and ethnic jokes he usually saves for his best friends, confident he wouldn't mind; even throw in a few about Greek Episcopalians. This man is a social worker by day; and—because it's hard to make ends meet these days, or just because he can't help himself—a jazz musician by night. He is even—as much for Moynihan's sake as for his own—a family man. He, too, notes of the *Great* Depression that it was the *"whites* not working made it official." He has just said, "Roosevelt touched the temper of the black community. You did not look upon him as being white, black, blue or green. He was President Roosevelt. He had tremendous support through his wife. Yet the immediate image is 'Great White Father' . . . I don't remember any serious black opposition to Roosevelt. When you see a blithe spirit, naturally you're attracted to it."

Then Terkel asks, "Do you think a Depression of that depth could come again?" "I think it could," the man answers. "But it would behoove the Federal Government not to let it come. Because you're dealing with a different breed of cat now. If they really want anarchy, let a Depression come now. My sixteen-year-old son is not the person I was when I was sixteen. He has manly responsibilities. And he doesn't want any shit. When I was sixteen, I wasn't afraid to die. But the kid, sixteen now, is not afraid to kill."

Corporations and the Cold War

DAVID HOROWITZ, ED.

Monthly Review Press, $6

RICHARD J. BARNET

For more than a generation America's economic stake in the global status quo has been treated by political scientists and foreign policy analysts as a state secret. Like most state secrets American economic imperialism is better known abroad than at home. During the Cold War, courses and seminars on "national security" abounded in the leading American universities but rarely, if ever, could a student deduce that national security had anything to do with so mundane a matter as money. A few yards away in the Business School or Economics Department colleagues would subject international trade, balance of payments and raw materials policy to elegant analysis without corrupting it with politics. The pursuit of compartmentalized truth in the academy reflected and buttressed the public ideology. The purposes of domestic policy are economic, but foreign policy is essentially a spiritual activity. Entities called nations compete with one another at great economic cost without obvious benefit in the pursuit of noneconomic values. According to prevailing theory, which can be found in the editorials of major newspapers, presidential pronouncements, and international relations textbooks, states pursue their interests in the endless (and seemingly pointless) quest for power. The national interest is variously defined as fighting Communism, organizing the peace, defending freedom, being the world's policeman, promoting development and preventing war. The defenders of U.S. foreign policy see the United States, in the words of an early postwar *Washington Post* editorial, as "Atlas" selflessly assuming "responsibilities" thrust upon it by history. Most critics attribute the failures of U.S. foreign policy to misguided altruism, excessive moralism and misplaced missionary zeal rather than to any of the crasser motives they freely

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ascribe to others. The United States, as they see it, is a bumbler embarked on the impossible task of becoming a global Good Government League.

In *Corporations and the Cold War* David Horowitz has assembled a group of essays that purport to bring us back to hard reality. "If it can be shown that there is a class of competing interest groups which enjoys a predominance of power, and can establish its own outlook as a prevailing ideology," he writes in the introduction, "then an explanation of the paradoxical character of American policy will have been found." These essays fall considerable short of providing any such coherent explanation of the American Empire. They do, however, bring together some important information about the role of corporate leadership and corporate ideology in the making of U.S. foreign policy.

William Domhoff's essay "Who Made American Foreign Policy" shows that businessmen have held most of the key posts in the national security bureaucracy since the war, that there is no other domestic interest group that is significantly represented, and that public opinion and Congressional opinion play at best a marginal role. He points out that most membership in the key advisory committees as well as most top governmental posts themselves have been held by what C. Wright Mills called "the corporate rich." He fails to discuss adequately the role of the military, or the influence of bureaucratic structure, nor does he describe the process by which business interests influence policy. Nothing in the essay suggests that the principal foreign policy decisions would have been different had the National Security Managers been recruited from the ranks of labor or the academy. Indeed Ronald Radosh's recent study *American Labor and United States Foreign Policy* (Random House, $10) makes it clear that Meany and Lovestone are capable of running a national security establishment quite as bellicose and dangerous as the one that has been under the control of the corporate managers. Nor does Domhoff explain why the Kennedy intellectuals, most of whom were not associated with big business, became the chief architects of the militarist policies of the 1960's, while the Eisenhower businessmen of the 1950's pursued a far more cautious imperial course.

The explanation that emerges from these essays is that everyone who has had power over American foreign policy has shared the "prevailing ideology." That of course is true. Socialists do not normally run capitalist societies. The system of recruitment is designed to screen out anyone who challenges the basic purpose and direction of foreign policy. For the managers of the nation's foreign policy national security means domestic prosperity as well as physical safety, and domestic prosperity depends upon a hospitable world environment. Military power is deployed around the world and periodically used as instruments to shape the world environment to America's interests. To a large extent these interests relate directly to the functioning of the American economy. If we were talking about any country other than our own, these propositions could be dismissed as truisms. Every great nation in history has sought to expand not only by spreading geographically but by realizing its full economic and political potential. Of course an American capitalist state will seek to promote capitalism as a world system and to protect its own predominant position in that system. And that is national security. There is, as Bernard Baruch once put it, "an essential oneness of economic, political and strategic interests."

The most enlightening essays in the collection show specifically how the "prevailing ideology" shapes the character of American foreign policy. William A. William's essay, which originally appeared in 1958, examines the corporate faith that freedom depends upon foreign economic expansion. He shows that the postwar planners in the United States thought the crucial question was, as *Fortune* magazine put it in 1940, how "to organize the economic resources of the world so as to make possible a return to the system of free enterprise in every country, and provide adequate economic opportunities to the so-called 'have not' powers." Lloyd Gardner gives a valuable summary of the economic imperialist premises at the heart of New Deal philosophy: "It is not easy to think of a civilization which is not constantly pushing out its frontiers in terms of goods and services. . ." (Adolph A. Berle). David Eakins in a separate essay on "Business Planners and America's Postwar Expansion" shows how American officials came to believe that "the government could sustain American prosperity only by helping to expand overseas trade and investment." These essays offer powerful evidence that the fear of domestic depression and unemployment has played an important part in shaping the ideology that has sustained postwar expansionism.

Horowitz and his collaborators do not have much difficulty in demonstrating that as a general rule the " 'national' interest necessarily coincides with the interests of the corporations." Except for isolated cases such as U.S. policy towards Israel, there are virtually no competing extra-governmental interests which exert an influence on national security policy. However, Marxist theories on the role of the ruling class do not explain the peculiar dynamics of American imperialism. They do not explain why the Vietnam War, which is an economic loser, cannot be stopped. Nor, indeed, do they explain why it was started. Marxist analysts do not even seem curious about the fact that the men who make national security policy do not *think* they are acting solely or primarily to protect private corporate interests. Nor do they explain why pre-capitalist societies of the past and the Soviet society of today exhibit many of the same imperialist tendencies which they ascribe to capitalism.

The economic dimension of foreign policy making is crucial. The protection of values associated with capitalism is indeed a prime motivating force in the national security bureaucracy. But the picture that emerges from these essays of a foreign policy primarily run

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by corporate managers for the benefit of corporations ignores the complexities of the warrior state. This set of institutions lavishly financed and protected by secrecy has achieved independent political and economic power. National Security Managers may intend to act rationally so as to maximize corporate profits and spread capitalism, but like everybody else they do not always act in their own economic interests. They often trade economic gain for such irrational intangibles as the thrill of domination and the mastery of paranoid fears. It would make analysis much neater if United States foreign policy could be explained without reference to the roles of bureaucratic structure and personal psychology, but the result would be an overly optimistic theory of how to end American imperialism.

The Bay of Noon

SHIRLEY HAZZARD

Little, Brown, $5.95

A Spy in the Family

ALEC WAUGH

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95

Rosa

MARGERY SHARP

Little, Brown, $5.95

Romans, Countrymen, Lovers

THOMAS FLEMING

William Morrow, $5.95

The Laughing Policeman

MAJ SJOWALL & PER WAHOO

Pantheon, $4.95

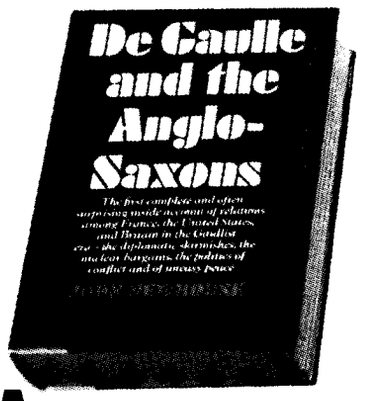
ANNE FREMANTLE

Shirley Hazzard writes as the makers of romanesque mosaics or medieval tapestries worked, building her sentences and paragraphs with such delicate perfection that, as not one stone or stitch could be abstracted from those without disturbing the whole, so neither can a word of her text be either changed or displaced. Such delicacy and such attention to detail could—indeed in some writers does—detract from the total effect of the story, the flow being lost as it turns to spray in the sprinkling-can rose. This never happens to Miss Hazzard. Her stories, from those in her first collection *Cliffs of Fall,* to her novels, have all that is requisite and necessary: theme, plot, conflict, characters, and climate, and all these are so mediated by words, so skilfully blended, that, as in a perfect sauce, no one taste obtrudes or dominates.

This suggests a feminine, or female, genius, and Miss Hazzard is certainly both in the sense that Jane Austen and Virginia Woolf were—had either one of these ladies signed with initials only, still no one would have thought of them as being male. Perhaps if man has a rib less, woman has a skin—or skins—less, so that, like the flayed Marsyas in the Greek myth, she feels everything more acutely.

Miss Hazzard's first-person heroine, Jenny, who tells of anguish experienced fifteen years ago, worked for NATO in Naples. One day she is loaned to a British civilian, a marine biologist who, their work finished, gives her part of the day off. Jenny takes up the only introduction she has been given, to an Italian writer, Gioconda, of whose book, *Del Tempo Felice,* a film has been made. Thereafter, sometimes in the company of the marine biologist, sometimes of Gioconda and of Gioconda's lover, Gianni, Jenny, though she cannot remember exactly why, experiences happiness. This happiness is manifested by an increasing awareness. Already, before arriving in Naples, Jenny has realized she was in love with her brother, and that his wife, too, knew this. Jenny's perception of Naples is expressed in her increasing appetite: for its beauty, for Gioconda and Gianni (Jenny was furious that Gianni tried clumsily to kiss her on their first outing *à trois* but later becomes his mistress), and for the rooms into which she moves, where, in a confusion "of the ignominious and the grandiose" she first knew herself to be happy.

In spite of much personal heart-



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JOHN NEWHOUSE, a journalist and former staff member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, has uncovered so much new material that even policy-makers are consulting his book to find out what really went on during the years when de Gaulle was a major force in Western political history.

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"A kind of intellectual thriller with nuclear weapons the object of the chase. ...Newhouse...has put together the pieces and what emerges is a brilliant study of 'crisis diplomacy' at its worst."
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Saturday Review Syndicate

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break, this novel is a pot-pourri of happiness, redolent as rose-petals. How one wishes one could experience food, colors, clothes, people, even malapropisms with Jenny's evident delight. Shirley Hazzard restores the novel to its almost forgotten role of pleasure-giver.

Alec Waugh, alas, tries too hard to please. He opens amusingly enough, with a happily married wife, suspecting her husband, a Treasury official, of being unfaithful because he is seen by a mutual friend from the top of a bus in the Brompton Road in the middle of the afternoon. Poor Myra worries so much she goes to her doctor to ask for sleeping pills. Instead, he advises her to go off alone for three weeks and let Victor Traill get the (possible) other girl out of his system. Myra goes to Malta, refuses to have an affair with a rich South African, and instead, turns lesbian with a German. Back in London, she is approached by a man who plays her a tape of her conversations with said German, blackmailing her into becoming a drug courier, since her escapade could lose her husband his job by making him a security risk.

The whole story is not only faintly preposterous, it is also not a little flatulent, as sex is apt to become when spelled out by a spectator.

Margery Sharp has given us many a delightful heroine, and four of the most perfect children's stories of this century —about Miss Bianca the white mouse. Her *Rosa* is a lively tale of the byblow of a Yorkshire stud-groom and his South American girl friend, who goes back, after her father's death, to live with his former employer, a water-loving (for swimming only) baronet. Rosa, well-educated by nuns, finds her father's legitimate wife with the baronet's mistress, and herself becomes the baronet's wife. She wows them all, even her ? stepmother, Sir Charles' nephew and heir (for neither Rosa nor any other lady ever gave him a son), assorted flunkeys who speak Yorkshire dialect, plus great-nephews, etc. The book ends with Rosa, briefly visiting London during the bombing, slightly incommoded by same. It is a pleasant enough story, mild but not bitter, full of an out-of-date arch class-consciousness that somehow is rather unfunny today—a bit too-blush-making, as a matter of fact.

Thomas Fleming is bitter, not mild. He writes horridly well, making a drunk fallen-away Catholic who has left his wife and kids talk and think like it is —like it must be. His sister-in-law comes to taunt, to save, and to seduce him: "she kicked a whiskey bottle and it rolled across the fleshsmooth hotel carpet to clunk against the wall. We both watched it roll . . . Shameless, shaveless, stumbling from bottle to bottle in my greasy underwear. . . Bottle, bottle, who's got the bottle? . . ." and so on, for pages, but the cumulative effect is telling. And Mr. Fleming conveys too the exasperation of a man and of a woman by just the right touches: too drunk to drive, hero Jim winces because his wife starts up the station-wagon with a great roar, jams the accelerator, and pulls away with the usual convulsive leap. Next morning, his eight-year old Sean (with his wife's face) comes prancing into Jim's room and lets off a cap-pistol in his ear. Gradually he comes to hate all his kids, hate the weather, his job, and above all the church ("American Catholicism is a spiritual sickness"). His sister has slipped out of the church too, but into a vague Protestantism: she cannot approve what Jim is doing "to your kids." Jim becomes an apostle for big business, for the American way of life, lived by "men of talent and energy, the riskers and planners who produce things." He finds Teresa, his third-time-lucky, is final surrogate for mother, church, wife and all the past besides. It is a curious credo with which to end: to believe "in another person, who understands and shares this loneliness" and in "visceral identity with Americans dead and Americans living. Losing the Catholic, losing the Irish, Jim finds the "American at last, simply, wholly, true."

The Laughing Policeman is interesting in that incidentally, not to make any point—it is a run-of-the-mill detective story, seen from the cop's point of view—it shows how the U.S. is regarded in, and by, some other countries. A mass crime is committed, and the shocked horror of the Swedes is that it should be committed in Sweden: such crimes are common in the U.S. "There was the Boston strangler; Speck, who murdered eight persons in Chicago; Whitman, who killed 16 persons from a tower and wounded many more: Unruh, who rushed out on to a street in New Jersey and shot 13 people dead in twelve minutes." "'Mass murders seem to be an American specialty' Gunvald Larsson said. 'The glorification of violence' said Kallberg: 'The career-centered society. The sale of firearms by mail order. The ruthless war in Vietnam'."

To enable us to see ourselves as others see us is not a novelist's function, but readers of four out of the above five books should be thankful for small mercies. Readers of Miss

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REVIEWERS

RICHARD J. BARNET, co-director of The Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, is a recognized authority on the problems of national security and arms control. His most recent book is *The Economy of Death* (Atheneum).

ANNE FREMANTLE is a well-known author, anthologist and critic. Her most recent book is *The Age of Belief*.

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Hazzard's book will be thankful for a not so small one—an exquisite story exquisitely told.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 307)

building up a protective wall around them to preserve the "status-quo." It is painful to think of our government's silent approval of massacre, in the name of wiping out subversion and Communistic tendencies, while in reality it is to foster our own economic growth. This is why politicians are more concerned about Latin America than Vietnam, for as Regis Debray says in *Revolution within the Revolution:* "In Latin America, American imperialism will play its final decisive game. . .' The death struggle is in view, and we sleep on.

In our founding days, America gave witness, at least theoretically, to a nation whose spirit was compassionate and hopeful. Our preamble speaks of the equality of all men, their inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, etc. At this point in history when we, as the leading power in the world community, could live up to this code of life, serving the underdeveloped nations by helping them help themselves to develop strong independent governments of, for, and by the people, we too often turn in indifference from the people of those nations to sanction the existing government, maneuvered by an alienated elite. But of course, to play this type of role among the nations is to concentrate on *human* development and not dollars and cents. Maybe it's asking too much. After all, it means to be *really* democratic and Christian.

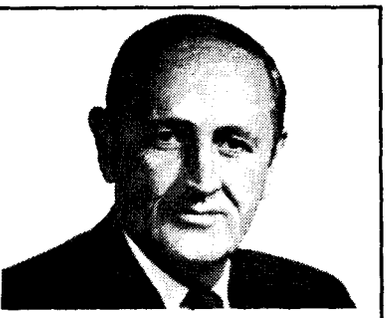
SISTER BARBARA ANN ENGLISH, S.N.D.

Changing the Church

Albany, N.Y.

To the Editors: Somehow, I cannot bring myself to agree that a) a change in the method of electing bishops (John Sheerin), b) a change in the volume of the church's wealth ("It must become poor:" Edward Gargan), c) a change in church laws to liberate men (Eugene Fontinell), d) a change to full democratization of the church (Antulio Parilla-Bonila), e) a change in the church's understanding of its relation to black people (Lawrence E. Lucas), f) a disappearance of idolatry (Mary Daly) and h) the establishment of an itinerant Papacy (John J. Egan) are really *primary* to change in the church ["If You Could Make One Change in the Church, What Would It Be?" May 1]. I would see them all as admirable ends in themselves, appendages to the whole problem, but not therapeutic to the main body itself, its vital bloodstream, functional inner organs and integral nervous system, and most of all to the cerebral cortex. In my view the disease is central, a failure of the whole muscle tone. For until the church in America—I assume it is this church in particular of which your respondents were speaking—manages to shed its characteristic and dominant anti-intellectualism, none of the other reforms is possible. It is the curious fact of the rejection of its own intellectual tradition and its activist reforming present, a distrust of mind in favor of something thought of as "spirit" which informs and guides the lucky, a quietism that is both intellectual sloth and determination to hang onto everything one has, that characterizes the American church now, has indeed always done so.

Denis Brogan has written that "in no Western society is the intellectual prestige of Catholicism lower than in the country where, in such respects as wealth, numbers, and strength of organization, it is so powerful." I would add that something new has been added to this phenomenon since that sentence was written, that possession of property, goods, and wealth, the move upward into the comfortable middle-class made the controlling majority of the American church, the hierarchy, most of the clergy, as well as the pew-holders at the Eleven on Sunday, more distrustful of culture, intellect, and education (especially higher education and public education) than ever before.



John W. Gardner

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"COMMUNICATION FROM a *Fairfield, Connecticut highschool student: 'Our principal called a special assembly, announced Nixon's move into Cambodia, deplored the events on the campuses, and asked us all to bow our heads and pray for peace. Apparently even liberals aren't completely for that school-prayer ban.'* "

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Richard Hofstadter, in his comprehensive study of *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, contends that American Catholicism is, and traditionally has been, "indifferent to intellectual life"; indeed, "the distinctive ethos of American Catholicism . . . has contributed in a forceful and decisive way to our (American) anti-intellectualism." This view is documented by historical fact and reasons, both sociological and economic, for this state, with examples of the union, in present-day life, between Protestant and Catholic fundamentalists "who shared a common puritanism and a common mindless militancy in what they imagine to be political issues, which unite them in opposition to what they repetitively call Godless Communism."

What is most disturbing to me is that this estimate was written before Vatican II, but is even more true now during the counter-reformation of the late Sixties. We look for the church and find it and the great mass of its parishioners firmly on the side of the decerebrate, offering what the kids call gut-reactions to the issues of open housing, justice for the Blacks, migrant labor, Jews, political activists, students, yippies, the injustice of the courts, the War, or Wars, women's liberation, the liberals within the church, reformers of any kind. They are *for*, under the same kind of impulse, the show of violence and power, the exercise of arms, the flag, unrestricted motherhood, graded films, the banning of "smut," and, if a recent poll is to be trusted, the abrogation of most of the rights of individuals guaranteed under the Constitution.

In other words, they constitute a firm resistance to change, in all the areas your respondents suggest as important, because their mental set is against the exercise of the mind in these directions. It may be that this condition comes from undigested dogma which makes a point of the view of mind as cold, evil, satanic even, and the spirit which is good, godlike, and warm. However we arrived at this foolish division in the minds of the American parishioners who see danger to their status quo in the free exercise of the intellect, there we are. And church leaders have been of little help, proclaiming the eminent virtue of "our good people" and "the faithful," the same people no doubt who President Nixon has elevated to saintly posture as silent majority.

The American Catholic does not want change because he does not want to think about the complex problems of its form. He has been taught to distrust independent thinking, he has learned to abnegate his right to it in favor of the clergy who may not be better educated than he but are surely inspired in some way that elevates them. He does not want to examine his social, political, and aesthetic emotions because this is an intellectual process which involves the possibility of uncertainty, discussion, often a shaking of verities. And the hierarchical chaps are, in the main, happy that it should be this way. A docile "flock," a lobotomized church, will give no trouble, will be a bulwark against change.

How will this anti-intellectualism be reversed so that a), b), c), d), e), f) and g) above can then be effected? Only, I suspect, by the persistence, against all odds, scorn, and opposition, against all temptations to hot-foot it out the door, of the seed-intellectuals still left inside. Their preaching, teaching, writing, publishing, and personal witness may be able to turn the hippopotamus around, cure it of its intellectual indolence, of its devotion to the positive values of know-nothing-ness, and convince it of the value of *mens* as well as the Greek *menos*. If this doesn't happen, and soon, then, to my view, all the other if-I-had-one-wish hopes for change in the church will not be granted by the good fairy.

DORIS GRUMBACH

Antirealism in India

Redwood City, Calif.

To the Editors: The horror of Kenneth Harney's "Two, Three, Many Indias!" [May 1] is the complete antirealism of its political leaders. They know that theirs is a hungry country, or rather subcontinent, since loyalties seem to be so local. But they do not ask, what can

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we do to increase the food supply? This is probably *because* they know that solutions to the problem of food require "subcontinental" solutions. Here are men who refuse to lead. If very many of the "Indias" are to survive, to ward off imminent famines, the leaders will have to educate their peoples in cooperation. They should be consulting one another on somehow finding fuel resources so that cow dung can be used as fertilizer instead of as fuel. They should be putting their heads together on how to effect the cultural changes that will be needed to induce peasants to stop burning manure. They ought to be putting their energies into promoting population control, so that population does not forever outstrip food supply. All this requires detailed education, the kind that requires schools and skilled teachers, beyond what a leader can teach through speechifying.

Instead, the political leaders of India seem to prefer "politics-as-usual," which means politics in a vacuum. We are witnessing here a striking mass example of what psychologists call the denial reaction. We in the West are not much better in the ways in which we confront reality, so perhaps the madness of India will have some survival value for us. It will be an object lesson for all people, as we watch the many Indias politick themselves into famine and plague and nonstop riot and nonstop massacre and total self-destruction too ignominious to be considered tragic.

NICHOLAS ROSA

Is Anyone Listening?

Bronx, N. Y.

To the Editors: I finished Robert McAfee Brown's fine piece, "Mayday for America" [May 29] just as CBS News announced the Harris Poll's finding of 50 percent supporting the Cambodian invasion. Brown's observations are cogent, I reflected, as are all the other perceptive anti-war features you have been running. But who is reading them?

The Long Island *CPF Bulletin* just published a first-hand report on the halving of casualty figures for Vietnam by all military headquarters. Who is reading it?

Harriet Van Horne in a recent New York *Post* column pointed out the fearful implications of the "undecided" sector in the polls. What effect did her column have?

Still, the "Mayday" article prompts me to write because I see in it one, all-important practical recommendation which may make the difference: ". . . 10 to 15 percent of the electorate, politically involved, can be the 'swing vote.'" We must "mobilize the outraged," and I earnestly hope that *Commonweal* will devote even more than its usual proportion of space to concrete proposals in this regard, during the crucial months to come.

(REV.) MICHAEL D. MEILACH, O.F.M.
Editor, *The Cord*

Will "Peace" Candidates Help?

Longview, Wash.

To the Editors: Your May 22 editorial, "Kent and Cambodia," was an excellent summary of the bankruptcy of President Nixon's ideas and actions. Although the supposedly-desirable objective of working for "peace" candidates is widely held, history holds little hope for the usefulness of that idea.

President Woodrow Wilson ran on a peace platform in 1916 and had the U.S. in a war a few months after his election. Lyndon Johnson took a strong stand against involvement in Vietnam both when he was Senator and when he was Vice President. So, he too, was a "peace" candidate.

If we are to have peace there is a negligible chance that it can be obtained by simply changing a few politicians and leaving the capitalist political-economic system untouched.

HENRY R. KORMAN

Church and Challenge

Berkeley, Calif.

To the Editor: The Graduate Theological Union Library is trying to build up a collection that will document the church's response to current issues in terms, not only of official pronouncements, but also of what pastors and laymen are actually saying. We would appreciate having your readers furnish us with copies of sermons they may have preached or heard dealing with current issues such as the war in South East Asia, race relations, crime, etc.

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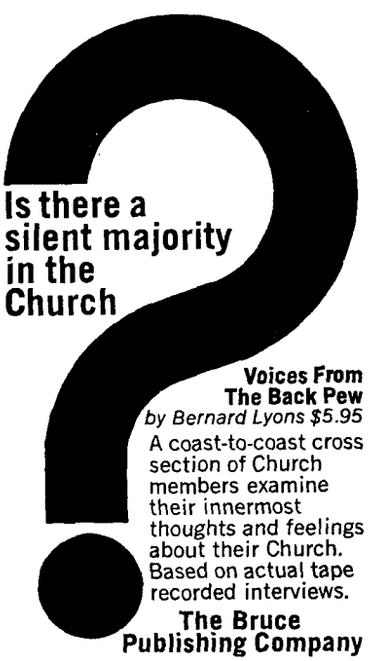
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